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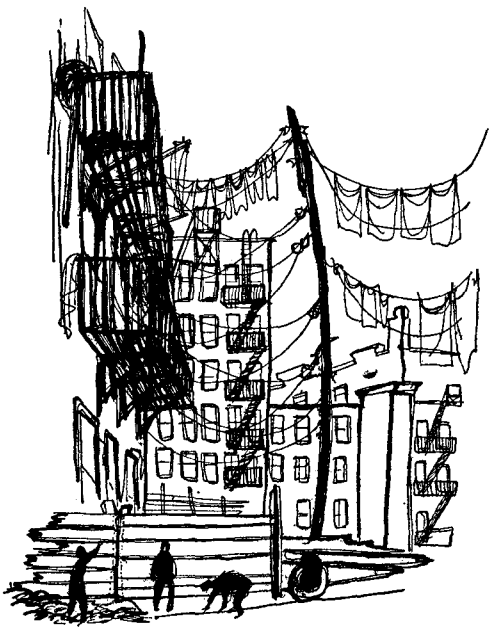

The Housing Order

PREJUDICE AND PROPERTY

Dennis Clark

TURNING POINT AT THE COUNCIL

Gregory Baum

KULTURKAMPF IN BERLIN

Harvey Cox

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Blackfriars

BLACKFRIARS, the monthly review edited by the English Dominicans, was founded in 1920. Father Vincent McNabb, defining its aims in the first number, characteristically remarked that its service of the truth might lead to as short a career as that of the Holy Innocents. In fact BLACKFRIARS is forty years old and through the years it has continued to apply a consistent Christian judgment to those issues in the contemporary world which are too often neglected or evaded.

To meet the needs of its own time must always be the concern of such a review, and BLACKFRIARS, while faithful to its original purpose, is extending its range. Apart from the principal articles in each issue, there will be regular features which will try to give its readers a survey of what is being said in such special fields as education, the social sciences, technology, and ecumemical theology. Month by month there will be an indication of what is appearing in reviews in French, Italian, German and Russian. Special attention is given to the cinema and the visual arts each month. In addition, extended book reviews will, as hitherto, provide a regular guide to what is being published.

Among recent contributors to BLACKFRIARS have been: Archbishop David Mathew, the Archbishop of Durban, Lord Pakenham, Sir Francis Walsh, F.R.S., Professor E. Evans-Pritchard, Professor R. C. Zaehner, Father Yves Congar, O.P., Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., Father Joseph Jungmann, S.J., Professor Jocelyn Toynbee, Dr. Bernard Towers and Michael Dummett, as well as its customary Dominican contributors, including Fathers Henry St John, Thomas Gilby, Gervase Mathew, Kenelm Foster and Illtud Evans.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Managing the News

THERE ARE few freedoms more important to a democracy than freedom of the press. On this freedom rests the effective right of the people to debate the policies of the nation, to express their judgments publicly, to air the agreements and disagreements which unite or divide them. Equally important, the press provides the main means by which the people are kept informed of the policies and decisions of the government. Without knowledge, without information, without an understanding of the actualities of government, informed political choice becomes impossible.

Yet every nation, no matter how firm its dedication to freedom of the press, confronts from time to time situations which pose exceedingly difficult dilemmas. The most obvious one arises when the government possesses information of public importance which may, at the same time, be useful to an unfriendly nation. A choice between two responsibilities must then be made.

Should a government weaken the security of the nation in order to keep the public informed? There is no simple answer to this question. Much will depend upon circumstances, the motives of government officials and the nature of the information. Under normal circumstances, it is taken for granted that certain types of military information may be kept secret; such secrecy is not ordinarily considered a violation of the right to know.

In the aftermath of the Cuban crisis, however, some serious questions have arisen about the Administration's public information policy. For it is a policy which is by no means clear and by no means free of some disturbing implications. Yet these questions do not arise because of the Administration's secrecy in the days prior to the President's decision to blockade Cuba. That secrecy, in our judgment, fell within the legitimate scope of government censorship.

The most crucial problem arises because of two later events. The first was the admission by Assistant Defense Secretary Arthur Sylvester that part of the information released by the Administration was "generated" news. Presumably, this applied to some of the news released after the blockade decision was announced by the President. In justifying the release of falsehoods, Mr. Sylvester argued on more than one occasion that "information is power" and that news is a "weapon."

UNHAPPILY, we can think of no more cynical and dangerous an approach to the press and the public than that suggested by Mr. Sylvester's words. It is one thing to remain silent in a crisis; it is quite another to justify a deliberate misleading or deception of the public.

The reason for this distinction is clear. The justification for censorship rests on the generally assumed right of the government not to show its hand to an aggressor. But this nation has never granted the government the right to lie to the people. The granting of the first right by no means implies that the second has been granted as well. On the contrary, the first right has been granted only on the assumption that it will not be used to deceive the people or to manipulate them. To grant the right under any other condition is to court tyranny.

The second problem arises out of the celebrated article by Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett in *The Saturday Evening Post*. There were two things disturbing about it. For one thing, it indicated a serious breach of security by someone present at the crisis meetings of the President's Executive Committee. For another, it could not help but suggest that one aim of this breach was to attack Adlai Stevenson. Both of these charges have, of course, been denied. But given the somewhat ambiguous denials, it is hard not to remain doubtful and skeptical. It simply does not seem plausible that two journalists as responsible as Messrs. Alsop and Bart-

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lett would simply fabricate the discussions they reported.

No doubt it is possible that they were misled by their informants. But that is irrelevant. Clearly someone told them something. And whatever they were told had the effect of hurting Mr. Stevenson. It hurt him because of the implication that he was at odds with the President and the decision and because it implied that to be a dissenting voice was to be a faintly disloyal one. The net result was to do a great injustice to Mr. Stevenson. Regardless of his role, that role should not have been discussed with anyone. The acrid odor of a political vendetta lingers in the air.

Perhaps it is possible to dissociate the "leak" concerning Mr. Stevenson from the policy enunciated by Mr. Sylvester. Unfortunately, if the Administration does justify the concept of "managed news," then anything becomes possible. If the public can be misled by generated news, then it can just as easily be influenced by planned leaks. If news is a "weapon," it can easily be turned against those public servants whom the Administration has decided to jettison.

The next move is up to Mr. Kennedy. We believe he should repudiate Mr. Sylvester's position; that would be a start. But to make this repudiation meaningful, he should also explain the circumstances of the Alsop-Bartlett article. If he does neither of these things, the public would be well-justified in fearing for the freedom of the press. There are more ways than one to subvert that freedom.

Open Rift

RUSSIA'S backdown on Cuba and China's invasion of India clearly symbolize the two competing roads to socialism that are splitting the Communist world. The growing rift between Soviet Russia and Communist China has been further highlighted by two more recent developments in Europe. China, which had been manifesting increasing dissatisfaction over Khrushchev's overtures to Tito, is bitter about the latter's current visit to Moscow. Ever since Tito broke with Stalin in 1948, Yugoslavia has been attacked from within Communism as a deviationist from the cause, as an epitome of heretical revisionism. That Khrushchev should seek to welcome Tito back to the Communist fold at the very moment of the greatest strain in Sino-Soviet relations could hardly appear more provocative to the aggressive Chinese.

For Yugoslavia, whose economy has been hurt by the success of the Common Market and the cutting off of certain important American aid, the promise of a new surge of Russian assistance has been exerting a powerful attraction. For Khrushchev, a reconciliation with Tito would mean the opening of a new avenue toward the non-aligned powers as well as the acquiring of an able ally in the struggle within the Communist camp. The Marshal's Russian visit was marked by patent cordiality, which was expressed from both sides.

Quite in contrast were the recent sessions of the Italian Communist congress in Rome, where Chinese and Albanian delegates were denounced by the others, whom they in turn excoriated. Hitherto the main Sino-Soviet ideological battles had been veiled at such congresses, and in the press, by making Hoxha of Albania and Tito of Yugoslavia the two opposing targets for abuse. But at this congress Signor Togliatti and the chief Russian delegate openly attacked the Chinese Communists as well as the Albanians, and it was plainly stated that Albania and Yugoslavia were only pseudonyms for the true objects of attack, Communist China and Soviet Russia respectively.

How much is there to the Chinese charge that Khrushchev has now gone over to the side of "the imperialists"? Does the fact that he backed down when confronted by superior armed force in the Caribbean mean, as his detractors claim, that the Russian leader has given up his aims in Latin America or other parts of the underdeveloped world? It is rather that he pins his faith in the Soviets' ability to take over in this and other depressed areas by subversion; it does not at all mean that he has abandoned his quest.

It is always possible that such disputes about the best means of attaining their common objective can be so exacerbated as to result in an open break between the two main Communist powers. This appears less likely now than at some later date when Communist population pressure may lead to a Sino-Soviet showdown over Mongolia. But present tension is acute enough to induce the West to analyze the effect of such enemy discord upon our own policies in the cold war.

If this rift should impel Khrushchev to become more eager for genuine negotiation on Berlin and other thorny issues, we should seek to be equally conciliatory. Furthermore, it strengthens the case for establishing acceptable controls of thermonuclear weapons before the Chinese and others develop their own A-bombs. And all along, the problem will be how to further and defend the essential objectives of the free world without resorting to measures or verbal gestures that will serve again to bring close together these presently bitter Communist rivals.

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Adenauer's Decision

DR. ADENAUER has finally played the trump card n the crisis of the West German government that ıas followed the notorious *Der Spiegel* affair. After hirteen years of rule, the eighty-seven-year-old Chancellor has announced his decision to step down ɔy next Fall. The decision, while it virtually solves ɔne crisis, may raise others in turn. At any rate, the :ircumstances surrounding the decision, together vith the difficulties that must accompany any good ɔrospects it suggests, give rise only to feelings of re-ief accompanied by apprehension.

The Chancellor's decision to retire did not come ıs a great surprise. It has been no secret that even ıis own Christian Democratic Union (CDU) ;ought it, and it was apparently the condition for :he Free Democratic Party's (FDP) re-entry into :he coalition government. (The latter had with-drawn from the Parliament some weeks ago.) Yet :he decision was not inevitable. The Old Man, as is well known, is his own boss and he is revered by the people. He has, moreover, shown heroic tenacity before now. That is all the more reason to take his decision as a deeply felt one and well advised.

It is possible to feel dismayed by Dr. Adenauer's decision, if only because of the circumstances surrounding it. For it can appear as the climax to the series of scandals and bunglings precipitated by the *Der Spiegel* affair. As such, the Chancellor's resignation would be seen as a sad and inglorious end to an extraordinary career of public service.

Yet one would be very shortsighted indeed to see it that way. For the *Der Spiegel* affair itself only served to expose the cracks already deepening in the Bundestag at Bonn. These cracks originated in the pressure of a vitally changing democratic government under a leader who is simply too old to serve even as a symbol of that reforming spirit any longer. In this sense Dr. Adenauer's was a wise decision and one which will enable him freely to rebuild his cabinet and re-constitute the democratic coalition before he leaves office next Fall. In short, what so easily appears as loss can, on a second look, show as the occasion for a final gain for Dr. Adenauer's leadership which would be the fitting crown to his career.

The question which the Chancellor's resignation raises immediately, of course, is that of his successor. For better or for worse, Adenauer is no de Gaulle. But, aside from that, it will be extremely difficult for anyone to follow The Old Man "on the bill." The choice of his own party and the likely choice for many other reasons is Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, the architect of Germany's post-war "economic miracle." Chancellor Adenauer himself is known to oppose Erhard as his successor, thinking that he simply cannot handle the job. That seems hardly likely for one of Dr. Erhard's capabilities, and since he is a popular choice as well, it is likely that he will be groomed for the job in the months ahead.

The immediate problem for West Germany is, in the words of one official, the quick formation of a "stable government with clear leadership." The Germans need that precisely to consolidate the gains made in democratic rule since 1945. It has been clear for some time that Adenauer cannot any longer insure a "stable government." For while he gave the West Germans "clear leadership," he did not provide one sufficiently representative of the interests of the Parliament over which he presided. His decision to step down thus opens the way for the "reform in head and members" which is clearly called for if West Germany is to continue to grow. There is left, then, only a right feeling of sadness at the prospect of a great man leaving the active political scene. For the present, however, hope for the future of West Germany shall overrule sadness.

FIC

FROM TIME to time the Editors feel obliged to use this space to pass on intelligence that we feel to be of the greatest possible benefit to readers of The Commonweal. We know, for instance, that our readers will want to investigate immediately the practically endless possibilities for self-help offered by FIC. FIC stands for Functional Isometric Contraction and is a form of muscle-building that will appeal at once to lovers of the great indoors. Besides its use in building Pure Muscle, however, FIC suggests all sorts of analogous applications in the realm of Pure Thought.

The idea behind FIC is best conveyed by examples of some specific exercises. Grab any immovable object and pull or push. Sit in a chair, grasp the bottom and pull. Push against a wall with hands or back or feet. Press heels of the hands together and push. The idea should be plain by now; it is by doing nothing to accomplish a great deal. For inches of muscle are said to be added at every sustained push or pull.

FIC, as should be plain, easily lends itself to other applications. Brain power could be infinitely increased, for instance, simply by concentrating on Nothing. Some German philosophers are even said to be pursuing this line of research now. For an illustrated brochure of further possibilities write to the Committee of Fifty in Favor of FIC, the National Goals Department, Washington, D.C.

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Postscript on a President

FOR FANATICAL Ike-likers, the December 4 *Look* article by Emmet John Hughes must have seemed like *lèse majesté*. Mr. Hughes wrote the 1952 "I will go to Korea" speech, served for a time as a presidential assistant during Ike's first term, and was in the Eisenhower corner again in 1956. But somewhere along the line disillusion set in, as evidenced by his book *America the Vincible*, a sober indictment of the Eisenhower defense and foreign policy positions.

Mr. Hughes' disenchantment with President Eisenhower is clear enough in his *Look* article. Yet that is not the primary note. The article is, rather, a serious attempt to balance the books on a personality far more complex than most of his admirers ever realized.

Mr. Eisenhower had the quality of command. Throughout his two terms, Mr. Hughes says, Mr. Eisenhower's rare air of force and authority remained one quality unchanged and undimmed, and this despite a major operation, a serious heart attack and a whole series of setbacks at home and abroad. What went wrong? Why were the two Eisenhower terms disappointments to him and probably even to his strongest admirers? Why was his chosen heir rejected by the electorate, even if by a narrow margin?

One big reason was Mr. Eisenhower's lack of civilian experience, which hurt him badly. He assumed that all he had to do was to listen to a quick briefing, then point the way and let others carry out the decisions—hence the famous staff method. Events proved how wrong he was on this point.

Furthermore, the G.O.P. in 1952 desperately needed a national leader who would shake it up and reform it. Mr. Eisenhower occasionally showed that he recognized this fact, but he really had little interest in politics and he let the opportunity go by. And in the process he may have spelled finish to Richard Nixon's career, for the President's inaction inevitably meant that Nixon had to operate as the Administration's hatchet man, slashing out at political opponents and in general doing all those things which are a handicap to a Presidential aspirant.

Despite years in the limelight, Mr. Eisenhower could not stand opposition. "He would chew his lip with nervous anger on hearing some kinds of criticism, especially charges of lax leadership or confused foreign policy. . . ." And he told his Cabinet: "Listen! Anyone who has time to listen to commentators or read columnists obviously doesn't have enough work to do."

An amazing man, full of contradictions. From the first he regarded Senator McCarthy as "a vulgar merchant of malice." Yet this was the same man who deleted from a speech praise for his friend and mentor, General Marshall, because of pressure from Senato McCarthy's camp. He had a great gift for conciliatio and friendship, yet his temper was famous too. Hi staff even thought they could get a clue to his mood from the clothes he chose, and when he wore a brow suit, they braced themselves for a black day.

One can only sympathize with Mr. Eisenhower in hi relationships with his Cabinet. In time Dulles and Ik became close, in a strange sort of way, although Dulle always thought Mr. Eisenhower "naive." But Mr Hughes reports on the initial Dulles-Eisenhower meet ings this way: "Whether expanding at philosophi length upon his estimate of the Communist challenge or responding at legalistic length to a specific questio of policy, Dulles apparently made one consistent impac upon Eisenhower: he bored him."

At that, the initial Eisenhower-Dulles relationshi was better than that between the President and G. M.'s Charles E. Wilson. Wilson committed one verbal blunder after another, and in Mr. Eisenhower these would bring a response eloquent beyond words: "the audible grinding of teeth, the strained tightening of the mouth and the slow, pained rolling of the eyes heavenward."

Despite recent qualified denials by Mr. Eisenhower, I suppose the biggest political bomb in the Hughes piece is the statement that Mr. Eisenhower did not consider Richard Nixon presidential timber. But the value of Mr. Hughes' piece, it seems to me, does not depend on such backstairs gossip, about the good taste of which I have my doubts. Rather the importance of the piece lies in what it has to say to both Eisenhower and Kennedy partisans about the nature of the Presidency.

Mr. Eisenhower was the oldest man ever to occupy the Presidential office; Mr. Kennedy was the youngest man ever elected to it. One had no taste for the art of politics; the other glories in it. One had a non-military hatred for the authoritarian decision; the other welcomes power and uses it. One deferred to Congress; the other tries to shape and change it.

In 1960, Mr. Hughes notes, age was replaced by youth, circumspection by boldness, superficiality by intellectuality, irresolution by certitude. The style of the regime in power changed, that is clear, but how many of the great problems have been solved? Precious few, Mr. Hughes would say, if I read him rightly, and I don't think this must be taken as an anti-Kennedy judgment. Instead it is a judgment on ourselves and our times. Did we, in 1952, 1956 and again in 1960, look to the Presidency for what no man can give, whether Eisenhower or Kennedy? Mr. Hughes, I think, would say yes, and I must say I am inclined to agree with him.

JAMES O'GARA

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The Housing Order: Prejudice and Property

DENNIS CLARK

THE GUN that was aimed at housing discrimination by the Kennedy Administration finally was fired late in November. The weapon of the Presidential executive order had been cocked for many months. In the oratorical fervor of the 1960 campaign, John F. Kennedy taunted the Eisenhower Administration with the fact that it had not issued an order banning racial discrimination in federally-aided housing, and since 1960 the NAACP, the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing and a host of other groups waited impatiently for his own executive order. Finally, at long last, it came.

The racial problem as it affects the housing market is like the rest of the color problem in the life of the nation—maddening in both its persistence and its complexity. Everybody says that housing discrimination is the top race relations issue in the country. Thus the late Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University, one of our most brilliant students of racial problems, pointed out years ago that "the racial segregation in residential areas provides the basic structure for other institutional forms of segregation. The problem is similar to the land reform problem in Latin countries. In some countries, those who control the land control life. In the U.S. those who segregate the land and the houses on it, segregate life."

In a field in which progress has been agonizingly slow and remedies sadly inefficient, the portents of the President's frontal assault are being hotly debated. There are three considerations about the executive order that deserve analysis. The first is the timing; the second is the operation of the order; the third is the over-all significance of the step.

MANY A FINE feat of politics has been transformed into grotesque folly because of bad timing. President Kennedy's repeated refusals to issue the order until "it would be in the public interest" struck many people as simply a press conference euphemism meaning "we'll have to wait until the Southern Congressmen are out of Washington." Then came Cuba. With the prestige gained in facing down the Cuban peril, the President probably decided that his stock could hardly be higher in those portions of the public that were balanced. Further, in those portions that are chronically paranoid, the Ole' Miss crisis had produced a thrombosis of disgust so awful as to be unutterable. While the Southern solons were absent and in a palsy of prejudice induced by their constituents, then, President Kennedy made his move.

In retrospect, it can be seen that immediately after World War II would have been an advantageous time to issue such an order. There was a high patriotic feeling then. People needed houses so badly they would have taken a non-discrimination edict as just one more wave in an ocean of change affecting the country. But the chance was lost. We were preoccupied.

The endeavor now to square the government's policy with the moral and practical needs of the times comes late in the game. The great postwar migrations have resulted in an orgy of metropolitan segregation from coast to coast. The landscape has been allotted by skin color and the new world of suburbia has been colonized according to an albino obsession. And through its housing mortgage insurance programs the United States government underwrote the whole postwar segregation pattern in one metropolitan area after another, all over the country.

To the professional politician, the day after one election is the time to start preparing for the next. With the 1962 contests past, John F. Kennedy could not let too much time elapse before the dread deed of anti-discrimination was done, or the clouds of the next elections would begin gathering.

In practical terms, the time was good. A number of states and cities had blazed the trail with fair housing laws of their own. The economy, which is so acutely attuned to homebuilding impulses, seemed steady. Housing production was climbing to 1,400,000 units for 1962. The federal housing agencies will have the chance to test the enforcement of the anti-discrimination order before the next great surge of homebuilding, which will come in the late sixties to accommodate the marrying

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millions who were the baby boom of the immediate postwar years.

WHAT of the operation of the order? *House and Home,* the magazine of the construction field, says that "an astounding ignorance of the facts about desegregated housing pervades all segments of the housing industry." Homebuilding and real estate circles have greeted the executive order in typical fashion, with confusion. There is no real industry producing and exchanging houses. What exists is a fantastic, sprawling complex of suppliers, coordinators and middle-men who somehow erect and sell houses.

The construction activities of our economy are extremely strategic, signaling upturns and downtrends with nervous sensitivity. Economists disagree about exactly what role housing production plays in stimulating or depressing the business atmosphere. They agree, however, that the vast outlays and employment related to the construction of residential communities is a potent national economic influence.

Housing is one of those investments that is socially important and necessary, but not particularly profitable considering the other opportunities around in an expanding, technically-advanced economy. In good times, housing is not a particularly choice investment. Mortgage loans tie up the lender's money for decades for relatively modest returns. Quick return, high profit fields are much more attractive. Federal programs for mortgage insurance, urban renewal and public housing have therefore been a stabilizing influence in this portion of the economy renowned for its wild swings of fortune. The government guidelines and guarantees have reduced the risk of housing investment as well as making cheaper home-purchase and rentals available to millions.

There has been some talk that the Kennedy anti-bias order will threaten the entire procedure that has permitted the federal government to conduct its program of timely intervention in the housing economy. This fear is chimerical. It is true that the executive order places those who build and transact under FHA and VA mortgage lending programs at a disadvantage. They must not discriminate, whereas the builder or agent who uses only conventional mortgage or construction loans without federal guarantees can continue to sell to the prejudiced for profit. It might have been better, therefore, if the entire housing field had been affected and if the order had covered all institutions making housing loans. But although this could have been done legally, the fact is that the President chose to bind only a part of the housing system with the order, ostensibly to permit a gradual coverage of the entire field if the future requires it.

Whatever the strains within the industry due to this differential, however, it is just not feasible for a modern democratic government to abandon its interest in housing. As a matter of fact, it should be an important goal for us to overhaul our entire federal involvement with housing, for the system we have is a patchwork of dozens of differently-conceived programs, rather haphazardly gathered into an empire of Washington agencies. Unless we can insure fuller housing production and renewal, we are not going to unravel our segregation problem, and if the executive order does produce a collapse of the cumbersome federal behemoth of bureaus, it will provide the useful occasion to reshape the machinery. We badly need a streamlined government effort to deal with the urban half of our century, when what we have in fact is a collection of programs largely left over from the first half, the rural half, of the century.

THE GREAT TASK with respect to the executive order is enforcement. The housing needs of the nation will continue, and the building of homes for profit will not cease. In the South there may be some balking at the construction of desegregated public housing, but the intimidation of Negroes there is so palpable that widespread challenges to the established residential patterns are unlikely except by the hardiest of civil rights partisans, such as the followers of the Congress on Racial Equality.

In the North and West, existing fair housing laws in various cities have not proven to be obstacles to production. They are enforced on a complaint basis. When a minority family complains that it has been refused a dwelling because of race, religion or national origin, the state or city agencies have been making investigations. The several hundred decisions handed down by anti-discrimination commissions under these laws have set vital legal precedents, but they have not altered the separation of the races in residential life in any widespread fashion.

The new executive order is likely to be enforced in the same way. Although some legal affirmations will probably be required in the contracts signed with federal housing agencies by builders and brokers, basically the weight of government censure will not fall until there are proven complaints of actual refusal to rent or sell dwellings.

The key to enforcement will be the actions of minority families. Will they seek to buy and rent on a desegregated basis in sufficient numbers to invoke the protection of the federal guarantees? Experience up till now indicates that they will not.

In the states with existing fair housing laws, there has not been any booming demand by Negroes thrusting into the new housing areas. The combined effect of limited incomes, suspicion of the unknown and the holding power of the ghettos has been to blunt or divert Negro housing demand. Negro families are ready for

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housing desegregation in intention, but not in actual application. Emotionally, the leap from the ghetto neighborhoods represents quite a daring venture for families to whom the white world has revealed itself all too frequently as one of hostility and difficulty.

The effect of the new edict on suburbia has been much discussed. Evasive tactics by homebuilders can form an incredible obstacle course, and shifting from the use of federal mortgage programs will not necessarily work a hardship on suburban builders since the higher costs of borrowing money from conventional lenders without federal guarantees can be passed on to the public. Some builders may build only on order, theoretically building only one house for one family at a time, thus evading the problem of selling houses on the open market to the general public. The devious process of lining up only white families as single candidates for each house will skirt the difficulty of having a sample house open to sudden penetration by a Negro prospect.

As matters stand, most builders of new houses do not often see Negro prospects. Negroes are so generally priced out of the new house market that the encounters are infrequent. The Negroes who get to suburbia are survivors of the unemployment, discouragement, fraud and exploitation that are the dynamics of our urban segregation system. There are not many of these survivors with spirit enough to drive all the way out to the privileged hinterlands of the metropolitan areas and throw down the civil rights gauntlet in the sample house. The truth is that the defenses against desegregation are set in depth, and these defenses usually manage to stop the Negro aspirant to ranch house living long before he ever gets on the road to suburbia.

The new house areas in suburbia are now so far from the central city ghettos that simple physical distance acts as a deterrent to Negro penetration in force. It is my guess that it will be the better neighborhoods closer to the central city ghettos that will eventually be most affected by the executive order. These areas of middle-aged housing in fair condition are often called "gray areas." They are the decent neighborhoods of today that could be the slums of tomorrow unless they are cared for. Such neighborhoods are physically close to the massive inner-city Negro concentrations, and this alone will insure steady non-white pressure on them. If the federal writ runs at all, it is likely to open up such areas to entry by minority families.

Negro dispersal through the remainder of the older housing supply in the cities has both problems and advantages. If such a dispersal is brought about, the Negro families for the most part will still be locked out of suburbia. They will have to shoulder the immense task of preserving the residential integrity and the civic structure and spirit of the urban areas. They will have to pay dearly for the second-rate residential properties that they will occupy, instead of having the economies of new dwellings. But if our cities are to have a new lease on life, Negroes could very well end up being the heroes of the redemption of the urban areas from decay and disorganization. They could become the preeminent urbanites of our cities and put on a display of skills and achievements that would rescue us from the confusion of the metropolitan age.

ALL IN ALL the greatest significance of the executive order is that it represents the first use of federal power on a broad basis to endorse the principle of residential desegregation. The last major departure involving federal institutions and housing segregation came in the 1940's when the Supreme Court ruled that the racially restrictive covenants which barred Negroes from ownership were unenforceable. This freed property from the bonds of a legally sanctioned racism, but legal clearance did not shatter the socially complex structure of economics, behavior and attitudes that supported residential segregation.

The ensuing years saw various weak gestures on the part of the federal bureaus: the elimination of racial references from FHA manuals, the declaration of open occupancy in relocation housing, rubbery statements that the housing programs of the nation were for all and that the U.S. was against sin. Amid the tides of segregation caused by the flow of cityward migrations, these were weak and insubstantial measures. President Kennedy's executive order is the first commitment, and one long overdue, that is likely to bring federal weight to bear on the bedrock of segregation.

The 1954 Supreme Court decisions throwing out the "separate but equal" doctrine in education formed the historic watershed that permitted the judgments of righteousness to run through our national racial problem. The momentum of minority advancement in the country dictated the issuance of federal decrees abolishing segregation in transportation and making the right to vote more and more accessible for men of color. But perhaps the judgment with the greatest long range political import was the recent Supreme Court decision forcing the reapportionment of political representation. As this reapportionment takes place, the conservative rural areas, where the racial codes of the past predominate, are bound to lose power. It will be the heavily Negro urban areas that will wield this power in the future.

The question of how the newly found power and influence of city Negroes will be used in coming decades is likely to be decided by the effects of the executive order in housing and any similar directives that follow it. If the political power now sliding toward the cities in the wake of reapportionment is invested in the vast segregated districts, then racial bloc voting will be accorded a role in our political life that will be unprecedented. Men have voted their ethnic affiliations before,

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but none have had such a sustained history of rancor and misfortune as the Negro. Given a segregated situation, racial politics will be played for all they are worth, to the peril of the safety and sanity of the nation.

If the public and business reaction to the executive order is wise, however, we will begin a dispersal of our non-white population that will be constructive in the most thoroughgoing sense. In this context a good definition of freedom is that it is, simply, the ability to move. This we are within reach of assuring. But the whole perspective of social opportunity implied by housing desegregation means that if it comes about we will at last be according men of color the common function of working in dignity for the development of the nation. The executive order therefore goes to the social guts of the matter. If Americans cannot live together in peace, we will not be able to work together in peril.

Report from Rome

Turning Point at the Council

GREGORY BAUM

TO INTERPRET the Council while the Acts are still secret and the sessions still in progess is to take a considerable risk. Unexpected developments always threaten to turn an observer's prophecies into platitudes or wrong guesses. Yet these risks must be taken. An event as important to the Church as a council must constantly be in the minds of the people; it must constantly be a source of prayer and reflection. Equally important, the decrees of a council will be a source of life in the Church only if they represent an evolution among the people, a people living with the Church and following the progress of the Council. Should the conciliar decrees be seen merely as the imposition of a set of new obligations, they will add a new burden to Catholic life and fail to generate the renewal at which they are directed. Yet that could happen if the clergy and laity are poorly prepared to accept and understand them.

Still, it is not an easy thing to interpret the Council. Both the secrecy of the conciliar debates and the obscurity of the official news releases stand in the way. In particular, the inexperience of the Vatican press office is a major handicap. And as if this lack of experience were not enough of a hindrance, the ethos of the Roman officials is still dominated by the ancient custom of lowering a curtain over what they regard as disedifying or revealing weaknesses. In our day, however, this policy produces rumors, not silence. Inevitably, the journalists at the Council are forced to interpret silence as much as to interpret official news. As it turns out, they usually know more in advance about the meetings of the Council than the news releases will give them. Hence, they are often aware of precisely those situations which the releases are trying to cover up.

The very attempt to hide something is itself revealing. This was particularly obvious on the day before the memorable November 21; on that day it was announced that a vote taken among the Fathers favored the continuing of the discussion on the schema concerning the sources of revelation. But, significantly, the announcement did not reveal how the votes were cast. Why this silence? It was obviously because the figures on the vote revealed the opposition of a large number of the Fathers to many things dear to the administration in the Vatican.

Fortunately, there have been a sizable number of journalists in Rome able to note such things. Those who remained in Rome during November were well prepared to understand the nature of the conciliar problems and nuances. Yet while the general level of reporting on the Council showed a gradual improvement, the Italian press underwent a curious change. *Il Tempo* and *Il Messagero*, for instance, had during October carried both the news and the secrets of the Council. But in November they suddenly interrupted their daily series. When they took them up again a short time later, the tone of their articles had changed. They were now interpreting events in favor of the conservative party at the Council. This was most apparent in the way they treated the reception of the schema on the sources of revelation on November 14. That schema was not given a receptive hearing by the Fathers; indeed, one could say it took a beating. For their part, the Italian papers presented the debate as simply a conflict between two Roman universities, the Lateran and the Biblicum, thus belittling its real significance. No one believed them.

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There have been, in the last few weeks, many other significant developments. The first worth mentioning is that the conciliar community has been treated to something of a university extension program. The French bishops call it "the fifth year." To a degree never imagined possible, lectures, panel discussions and dialogue between bishops and theologians from all over the world have become a part of the daily routine. Some of these things have been arranged for the bishops and concern theological themes related to the schemata; but others are organized for a wider public, mainly journalists and visitors, though bishops are often in attendance. By November, almost all the national hierarchies had a regular lecture schedule; there must have been five or six lectures every day.

The willingness of the bishops to come together to learn about the developments in theology and Biblical exegesis has been a beautiful and moving thing, for which they deserve the gratitude of the whole Church. This "fifth year" has demonstrated the unity between the bishops and their churches. It has also shown that the episcopal office consists not only in speaking to the people but in listening to the forms and expressions of the Christian faith. Significantly, too, the fact that twelve cardinals and at least six times as many bishops attended the defense of a doctrinal dissertation on a scriptural subject at the Gregorian University was an important indication of their solidarity with the Biblical movement. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the influence of the theological dialogue outside of the Council played a part in the events of November 21.

ANOTHER important development is that the question of procedure at the Council has become an area of real difficulty. There is simply no tradition to follow. The procedure followed at the Council of Trent is known only from an account written after the end of the Council. Although at the First Vatican Council there was an authoritative procedure, it was soon modified in various ways. For the present council the procedure was, at least in part, laid down in regulations promulgated by the Pope; but, as mentioned in my last article [Nov. 23], several modifications were almost immediately introduced.

Here it must be pointed out that a Council is not a parliament which follows and serves the constitution which has created it. The Council—and when I say Council, I always include the Pope—is an autonomous body which makes its rules as it goes along. The Council is meant to be a much more flexible and vital body than a parliament meeting at regular intervals. The organizers of this Council are therefore quite willing to admit that they are only feeling their way, and though they try to be fair in according equal weight to the various parties in the Church, it is inevitable that they are tempted to shift the weight of the whole gathering in a direction which favors them. There is no human group on this earth which would do otherwise.

After the discussion, for example, on the liturgical schema had been suddenly closed, to the surprise of the Fathers, a vote was proposed and taken on whether the schema as a whole was acceptable to the Council and whether the modifications suggested by the Fathers should be inserted in it. The vote registered an overwhelming majority in favor of liturgical reform. Only fifty votes or so were cast against it. Why was this vote taken so late? During the long discussion of details, one had taken for granted that the schema was an adequate basis for discussion. The only reason for introducing this vote was, it seems to me, to create a precedent which would make stronger the demand of the Fathers to let the Council also vote on the second schema (on the sources of revelation) as an adequate basis for discussion. The belated vote on the liturgical schema was, therefore, a move of the reform party preparing the ground for rejecting the second schema; and the results of the voting meant a victory for them.

After a few days of heated discussion on the second schema in general, which divided the council Fathers rather deeply, a vote was actually taken. This time, however, it was not proposed in the same way as before, by asking the Fathers whether they were in favor of the document as a basis of discussion. It was, rather, the inverse question that was put to them, asking whether they wanted to discontinue the discussion. A situation thus arose in which the bishops had to vote *placet* if they did not like the schema, and *non placet* if they liked it. There was some confusion. The bishops who had filled out their ballot incorrectly were given a chance to fill out a second.

When the results were announced everyone recognized an unexpected victory for the opponents: sixty-two per cent of the Fathers were against continuing the discussion. Because of the negative way in which the question had been asked, however, the two-thirds majority necessary to reject the schema had not been reached, and it appeared that the discussion of the schema would continue, even though over 1300 of the Fathers were against it. Many of the bishops who had been in favor of the document, now seeing the strength of the opposition, no longer desired to have it discussed. The next day it was announced that the Pope had decided that the discussion of the schema should be discontinued, and that the document be returned to a new working committee.

That is what happened on the celebrated 21st of November. It must be made quite clear that the Pope did not act from outside the Council. He did not affirm his supreme authority over the Council. On the contrary, he acted as president of the Council, and he upheld the majority. The intervention of the Pope prevented the smaller party from imposing its will on

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the larger party. It was obvious to everyone that if the question had been posed in the normal way asking whether the document as a whole was acceptable, there would have been over sixty per cent *non placet* votes and the schema would have been rejected.

BUT WHY did the Pope appoint a new committee? Though the reasons were not explained, they were obvious to all. The preparatory theological commission, under the presidency of Cardinal Ottaviani, had prepared the document, as well as other documents dealing with Catholic doctrine, without collaborating with any of the other preparatory commissions established by the Pope. And even after the documents had been criticized by the central preparatory commission and sent back to the theological commission to be modified, they were left almost as they were. It appeared that Cardinal Ottaviani and his circle of theologians, many of whom are connected with the Holy Office, were unable to produce a document which reflected all schools of thought in the Catholic Church.

As members of the Holy Office their task has always been to protect Christian doctrine from error and to be sensitive to the spiritual dangers which surround the Church. But now this approach to theology, which they had assumed in serving the Church and working for her, prevented them from formulating doctrine in a way that was open, sensitive to modern research, and appreciative of the advances of theology and exegesis. Even though the Council had elected a new theological commission, it was generally supposed that as long as this commission was directed by the same president alone, it would not be free to rewrite the documents according to the wishes of the bishops. The Pope therefore appointed a new committee. The new committee, chaired by Cardinal Ottaviani and Cardinal Bea together, was made up of the theological commission elected by the council, of the bishops belonging to the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, and of six cardinals especially appointed.

This sequence of events may well prove to have been the turning point of the Council, and perhaps even the turning point in the history of the Church. The 21st of November may go down as the end of the Counter-Reformation. The majority of bishops, seconded by the Pope, demonstrated that they did not want a traditionalist theology which simply repeated the formulas of the manuals, but that the time had come when theology must be open, creative and forward looking, in sympathy with new spiritual movements among Catholics and in the world.

Is it possible, for an outsider, to discuss the issues at stake in the schema on the sources of revelation? The readers of The Commonweal may remember that, before the Council began, I wrote an article ("Conflicts and the Council" [Sept. 21]) in which I tried to predict the conflicts at the Council by relating them to two focal points. One of these was the relation of Scripture and Tradition. Even without knowing what the schema contained, and what was said at the Council, it is quite easy to understand the controverted issue.

Since the Council of Trent had to defend the value of Tradition against the vehement Protestant rejection of it (in terms which Protestant theologians of our day no longer use), there arose among Catholics a notion of Tradition which was comparatively independent of Scripture. Tradition tended to be regarded as a vessel, independent of and supplementary to Scripture, in which divine revelation was available to men. In modern Catholic theology, however, we have returned to the patristic and classical medieval understanding of Scripture and Tradition as being inseparably related and penetrating one another.

MODERN WRITERS thus speak of the coinherence of Scripture and Tradition. The gospel of salvation is available to us in Scripture—understood in the light of the Church's Tradition. In the first place it is impossible to understand Scripture without the witness the Spirit produces in the Church. Apart from the Church, the Bible does not disclose its full meaning. The New Testament was, after all, the crystallization, produced by the Spirit, of the apostolic preaching and hence it was intended to be read, announced, and understood within the apostolic community. There was, moreover, the guarantee given by the Lord that this community, built upon the Apostles, would always have the Spirit with it, explaining the meaning of the Gospel and giving greater insight into the mysteries contained in it. Apart from this Tradition, Scripture is not the Word of God in the full sense.

At the same time, and this is strongly emphasized by modern writers, Tradition alive in the Church is basically the understanding, guided by the Spirit, of the apostolic preaching as found in Scripture. The Tradition of the Church is therefore never independent of Scripture. Tradition is pervaded by Scripture; it breathes Scripture; it preaches Scripture. For this reason, it is the task of the bishops (the *magisterium*) to see to it that the Church's preaching is constantly nourished by Scripture, purified and revivified, deepened and made more powerful. If it is true that Tradition coinheres with Scripture in this way, then all ecclesiastical life, our piety, our theology, our worship, must always return to Scripture for renewal.

The modern writers do not advocate a narrow biblicism, but rather what the French call *"resourcement,"* a return to the source. While Catholics are always happy to make qualified use of pagan philosophies, that of Aristotle or those of modern philosophers, the resulting expressions are only tentative formulas, useful though not indispensable instruments to present the

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Church's doctrine to a given age. They are never the last word. We do not make progress in theology by developing insights, expressed in philosophical vocabularies, according to the logic of their rational terms. We only make progress when we return, for inspiration and wisdom, to the source of revelation—and that is available to us in Scripture, as understood in the Church's tradition. This *resourcement,* this return to the source, has been the key word in modern Catholic theology. It may well be that on November 21 this tendency gained predominance in the *magisterium* of the Church.

Some of the newspapers, however, have suggested that the conflict at the Council had been between Tradition and Scripture, as if one group of bishops were in favor of exalting Tradition while the other wished to elevate the Bible. Anyone knowing the trends in modern theology can realize that such a guess is without the slightest foundation in reality. On the contrary, the very theologians who emphasize the need of returning to Scripture also reaffirm, in stronger terms than was customary before, the role of Tradition in the Church. For these writers, Tradition is an activity initiated by the Spirit in which the whole Church is involved. The Church hands on the Gospel of Christ to the humanity which He redeemed. These writers would reject the idea so widespread in the past century that Tradition is simply the handing on of doctrines by the bishops in the chain of apostolic succession. For them, Tradition is rather the vital supernatural movement of the Church's understanding of the Gospel in which all the baptized are engaged and over which the appointed pastors act as judges. In this process both people and bishops serve, and are obedient to, the Word of God.

On November 21, then, the schema on the sources of revelation was sent back to a new committee. What did the Fathers discuss next? It appeared that none of the schemata produced by the preparatory theological commission under Cardinal Ottaviani were universal enough or sufficiently representative of the whole Church to be discussed by the Fathers. The schema thus chosen to be taken up was on mass media. Many of the bishops were quite annoyed that, thanks to the exclusiveness of the preparatory theological commission, the three years of preparation had not sufficed to furnish them with suitable documents on the great themes of the Church's teaching. They had not come so far simply to discuss television, a fact they made clear by disposing of that schema immediately.

Saetas de Dolores

She came her thousand miles
for life and died while I
prayed in my frozen town.
What's a telephone to bring
that lie looping
down the miles of north?
I thanked whoever
told me death
as prisoners thanked once
their executioners
then fell
on me to claw
me from that blood to light.

Her heart hurt
grew twice life size
it beat so big
it shook the bed we lay in
when she stayed with me.
That heart exploded
shakes me still though she turns
easy with her well-lost world.

They boxed her body
shipped iridescent shell
west of my silence
so I never saw her dead
yet if I set her bright
bones at my ear she would
Christ sing.

Her neck where my hand
rested once and her stark
bones I should have kissed.
Dry winds swoop on me from home
to tell how they diminish
in the high
sweet desert.

Give me one
bone carpal
of the left hand
anything
a spear
to lance me
of that sere
grass growing
out of her
breast and the dark
night of her
emptied eyes.

SUZANNE GROSS

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Art As Weapon

Kulturkampf in Berlin

HARVEY COX

IT WAS the first naked face-to-face confrontation of lethal weapons since those chilling days right after the Wall was erected, when American and Soviet tanks glared at each other across the line. Again the armor was of critically heavy caliber, but this time the test of strength focused not on ballistics but on ballet, not on machine guns but on *mis-en-scène*. The occasion was the simultaneous appearance of the annual *Berliner Festwochen* in West Berlin, and in East Berlin of the annual *Berliner Festtage*. Never before had the siege mortars of culture, East and West, been so densely concentrated on such a limited front. It was a jangling test of nerves. But the Berliners, as usual, seem to have survived unscathed.

Weeks before the scheduled opening, the cultural authorities of East Berlin had announced a program that seemed baldly calculated to seize the aesthetic initiative: the Leningrad Ballet, the Czech Philharmonic Symphony, the Polish National Pantomime Theatre of Wroclaw, and a scattering of Soviet musicians would be present for the *Festtage* in the "Capital of the German Democratic Republic." It was a tense moment for the West. But then Willy Brandt's resourceful (and well-heeled) cultural advisers answered in kind: the London Royal Ballet, the Vienna Philharmonic, the Piraikon Theatre of Athens and the Robert Shaw Chorale would perform in West Berlin, the bastion of freedom in Central Europe. In a potentially dangerous probe of terpsichorean talent, it was made known that both the English and the Russian ballet companies would do Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*.

Now the arena was set, and as the opening days approached, side arms and small weapons filled in the gaps around the edges. The West, ignoring Italy's "opening to the left," promised one concert from I Virtuosi di Roma. The East replied, somewhat weakly, with the Leipzig Radio Symphony. The East announced an entirely new production of Wagner's *Tannhauser* at the East Berlin Deutsche Staatsoper. The new West Berlin Deutsche Oper, only recently opened on Bismarckstrasse, faltered momentarily, then scheduled both *Lohengrin* and *Tristan and Isolde*. But these were only preliminary skirmishes. Everyone knew the real power was still uncommitted.

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The West opened first. Karl Böhm led the Berlin Philharmonic in a first performance of four musical episodes from von Einem's opera, *Danton's Death*. Pianist Friedrich Gulda contributed a skillful reading of Beethoven's *Fourth Piano Concerto*. At the intermission Mayor Willy Brandt stepped to the stage to open the festival officially. He noted that through a generous subsidy from the Berlin Senate, fellow Germans from the Soviet occupied areas could buy tickets for all festival events with their East German marks instead of exchanging them at the going rate of seven to one. The mayor was warmly applauded, but his expansive gesture seemed a bit empty. Few East Germans were likely to jump the Wall even to hear Christa Ludwig sing Ortrud in *Lohengrin*. The evening closed with a blazing rendition of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite*, a composition by a former Russian, now American, who was at that time making his first visit to the Soviet Union.

NOW THE EAST opened its festival. Party officials led the throngs that gathered at the Deutsche Staatsoper on Unter den Linden. But the occasion was unapologetically all-German. The Berlin Municipal Choir, the Berlin Radio Chorus and the orchestra of the Deutsche Staatsoper poured their common resources into what turned out to be a magnificent performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*.

The first round seemed to be a draw. Since in Berlin today only foreigners and visiting West Germans can get into East Berlin, and since, for obvious reasons, East Berliners cannot get out, the whole enterprise so far had smacked of unreality. Only through the East and West TV and radio stations, watched regularly by both sides, could the separated audiences get some idea of what was going on.

Following this, the West uncrated its latest weaponry. A brand new play by Martin Walser, *Eiche und Angorra*, a mildly self-critical chronicle of Germany over the past twenty years, opened at the Schiller Theatre. Stefan Zweig's long unproduced Biblical drama *Jeremiah* started at the Kreuzberg, and Friedrich Dürrenmatt's new play, *The Physicist*, was produced at the Schlosspark. Such a varied and sophisticated arsenal could normally have been expected to take the day without question. But there was one slip-up. The West Berlin reviewers, torn between patriotism and honesty, finally decided to do the honorable thing. All three

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plays, they declared unanimously, left very much indeed to be desired. Once again the balance had shifted from Kurfürstendamm to Friedrichstrasse.

The East then pressed its advantage. In an audaciously international gesture, designed no doubt to balance the Volk und Vaterland flavor of the opening, it rolled out Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House* and Arthur Miller's *Memory of Two Mondays.*

In a limp effort to answer in kind, the West threw in Paddy Chayevsky's *The Tenth Man* and Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners.* But no one was fooled by a mere equivalence of nationalities. The ball was still in Pankow's hands and the situation appeared grave. When the West's Schiller Theatre, located near the sparkling fountains of the Platz recently re-named for Ernst Reuter, West Berlin's first cold-war mayor, produced *Andorra,* it was only courting disaster. *Andorra* is the Swiss playwright Max Frisch's eloquent critique of anti-Semitism.

But the East was not to be outdone in Swiss innuendoes about Germany. The Workshop Studio of the East's magnificent People's Theatre replied instantly with the identical author's sardonic *Biedermann and the Arsonists,* a jarring slam at militarism and atomic weapons. To season the irony, the People's Theatre is located on the Platz renamed by the Communists for the late Rosa Luxemburg.

Definitely in disarray, the West called up all available reserves. At the new little Theatre on Halleschen Ufer, a bright thirty-year-old Polish director, Konrad Swinarski, uncorked the German translation of a tart new play by the Brazilian Ariano Suassuna entitled *Auto da Compadecida,* a two-pronged satirical jab at both the Church and anti-clericalism. The West was apparently ready to risk anything. At the Academy of Fine Arts Theatre in West Berlin's luxurious Hansa Viertal, a dazed but impressed audience watched Willy Schmidt's uncanny "Demonstration in Word, Music, Dance and Pantomime" of *In the Penal Colony,* Franz Kafka's premonition of mechanized death. But this was admittedly *avant-garde.* To cover all its flanks, the West also presented an evening of German lieder with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, an American jazz festival, and a torrid Parisian Review featuring one Zizi Jeanmarie from the Montmartre *mit ihrem Ensemble.* For a brief moment the West breathed easier.

IN retaliation the East detonated its ultimate weapon. Everyone knew it would come sooner or later. At the Theatre on Schiffsbauerdamm, the home of the Berliner Ensemble (rated by Kenneth Tynan simply as *"the* best theatre group in the world"), a crisply worded communiqué was issued: during the *Berliner Festtage,* it announced unceremoniously, the historic home-theatre of Berthold Brecht would be pleased to present not only *The Threepenny Opera, The Caucasian Chalk Circle* and *Mother Courage and Her Children.* It would also have the honor to present, in commemoration of the thirteenth anniversary of the founding of the German Democratic Republic, Brecht's rarely-performed *The Days of the Commune.*

The West had nothing to say. When, after a few days it announced an evening of African Ballet with the National Ensemble of Guinea, there was a note of pathetic desperation in the move. No amount of imported black pulchritude could now mask the fact that when the cultural chips were down, the East still held the high card. The East retained its claim to the best, if the most perverse and baffling playwright Germany has produced in the twentieth century. They had Brecht.

How many slick lighting boards and revolving stages, how many palatial boulevard theaters and quilted lobbies would West Berlin gladly dump into the Spree in return for one, just one, dramatist of something near his genius and imagination? Brecht himself is dead. But his wife (Helena Weigel), his theatre, and his tradition live on, right there on the Schiffsbauerdamm, so tantalizingly near the Wall—yet so very, very far away.

Berlin's two cultural festivals are now over. The leaves are falling. Old posters are peeling from the Kiosks, and Zizi Jeanmaire is, presumably, back in Montmartre. In a sense, it was too much. Not even the privileged foreigners could scamper back and forth through Checkpoint Charley frequently enough to drink in even a small part of it. Like every other Berlin crisis, it is over, and the results still seem to be ambiguous.

If the ghost of Brecht still rules the boards in Berlin, it reigns not over a city but over two half-cities. East Berlin is a half-city where the tradition of dramatic protest has to be careful to protest against approved targets, a half-city where Pasternak and even Yevtushenko are unobtainable and where the filmed version of Galina Nikolajewa's critical Soviet novel, *Schlacht Unterwegs,* had the anti-Stalinist footage safely clipped out before it was shown. If West Berlin glistens with new theatres, concert halls and opera houses, its artistic resourcefulness seems strangely quiescent. Almost

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everything worth seeing is either a revival or a translation borrowed from somewhere else. At premieres of German plays, elegantly-attired audiences watch splendidly-costumed actors move stiffly through exercises that seem hardly worth the effort. Uncomfortable about its past and uncertain about its future, Berlin seems to live in an infinitely extended present. It lacks both traditions and expectations. It is not the intellectual center it once was.

Yet even under these adverse conditions it was refreshing for a few delirious weeks to fight the battl with pirouettes instead of pistols, to invoke the Muse instead of Mars. Is it too much to hope that one da East Berliners will once again gaze on the subtle lines o Nephretite's face in the Dahlem Museum, and Wes Berliners will wince in pleasure to the flip songs o Brecht at the Berliner Ensemble? Perhaps that hop now lies in the distant future. But for Berliners them selves, despite their well-known appetite for culture one festival would suffice—if the Wall were gone.

AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS

"The Cuban Crisis"

Palos Park, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: The Commonweal's gloss on my criticism concerning the Cuban situation [Nov. 30] is a misrepresentation, first of that criticism, and, second, of the "obvious facts" it allegedly ignored. As to the first point, I do not view "the President's action as a *pure* instance of *Realpolitik*," nor believe he "acted in a *wholly* amoral fashion." There are no "pure instances" of anything human, nor any "wholly amoral" human acts: you have slanted your comments to demolish an extreme position which nobody maintains. There are degrees of evil as of good, and I regret that it is The Commonweal which has reduced the discussion to a simple black-white matter in the name of a spurious prudence which while blurring the actual complexities of the problem pays louder and louder homage to them.

Second, your "obvious facts" turn out to be rather obscure fictions. Fiction number one: "The Soviet Union introduced into Cuba weapons which threatened the peace and stability of the Western hemisphere." That peace and stability, to the degree they existed, were threatened rather by our response to weapons which in reality did not affect the balance of power, and which constituted no greater threat to our security than missiles in the Soviet Union. It isn't "obvious" what is proved by your statement that the Soviet Union "did not attempt to deny the belligerent implications of these weapons." Would you care to define for your readers a weapon without "belligerent implications"? Fiction number two: the position of The Commonweal critics "ignores the solidly-established right of any nation to act in its own self-defense." Does that right extend to nations emerging from fascism and/or feudalism which pursue policies different from our own and against which we have already initiated military assaults? The Editors surely know that in a strategy based—wisely or not—on the concept of deterrence the distinction between offensive and defensive weapons is non-existent. It is *Realpolitik* to assume that the enemy's deterrent is offensive and ours is defensive.

Fiction number three: the position of The Commonweal critics "assumes, thirdly, that the intent of the President's action was aggressive and not an act of self-defense. This is a baseless assumption, flatly false in the light of the limited nature of the naval blockade, and further falsified by the President's subsequent actions." (How much "further" flat can falsity get than "flatly false"?) This Commonweal critic is not sure about the

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notives of our Cuban venture, since he is no more rivy to presidential intent than are the Editors, but he sure that "obvious facts" do not embrace matters of intent." As to the "limited nature of the naval blockade" and the "President's subsequent actions," there is o basis for a judgment yet as to how limited our bridgment of Cuba's rights is, nor what the subsequent ctions will be. There has been counsel in high places dvocating stricter economic sanctions which are hardly equired for our own "self-defense."

Fiction number four: "To say, finally, that our action a blockading Cuba was to commit an injustice against hat nation is to turn moral values topsy-turvy. It is to ut the President's action in responding to the Soviet hreat on a level of immorality with that threat." Here ve have the specter of that self-righteous political noralism, utterly different from political morality, vhich one would have thought Kennan had thoroughly exorcised. There is no immorality in one sovereign nation making a military pact against our interests with another nation, unless we assume that every act of the antagonist power is immoral. If this is our assumption we are well on the way to convoking the cosmic thermonuclear crusade against "godless Russia."

What is distressing about the Commonweal reply is not its tautology ("self-defense" in all its ramifications as we define it to justify our action), or its slanting of the discussion ("wholly amoral," "pure instance of Realpolitik") or its confused rhetoric (the argument from "probable fact" with its intrinsic contradiction in terms), but its clear circumventing of the question which Mr. Anderson posed as follows, ". . . what principle of law, what right can we now appeal to, which we ourselves have not violated?" and which I posed in terms of the dilemma of our basing a claim to a portion of Cuban territory on a treaty between sovereign nations while at the same time violating the sovereignty of one of the signatories to that treaty.

The larger political question is when will this nation face the realities of the struggle with doctrinaire militant Marxism now exemplified in China, with a Marxism which is lethal to the human spirit because it is totalist and anti-personalist, not because it is based on a socialist economic system. When will we cease investing every empty symbol—Cuba, Berlin—of the power struggle between Russia and America with all of the ideological reality of Marxist-Leninist dogma?

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

Reply

MR. LAWLER'S letter touches a vital nerve of The Commonweal. With him we share an intense conviction that foreign policy decisions must be judged in the light of principles. Our differences, apparently, lie in judging the extent to which one's principles must be related to concrete events; and how these principles must be so related. While our editorial of November 30 was not meant solely as an answer to Mr. Lawler (or Mr. Anderson)—for their positions are not unique—there are a number of things that can be said about Mr. Lawler's stand.

Mr. Lawler accuses us of having reduced the discussion "to a simple black-white matter. . . ." On the contrary, we believe the Cuban decision involves very complex problems, and that it is actually some of Mr. Kennedy's conservative and liberal critics who have done the most to obscure these realities. In his original letter to us, for instance, Mr. Lawler stated that "the central issue is whether this country does stand for some kind of common law among nations. . . . If [this] is true, then the act of war in Cuban waters is clearly a violation of our deepest principles." Anyone, it seems to us, who can make such an unqualified judgment of the Cuban decision is in a poor position to accuse anyone else of reducing the discussion to black and white.

But there are more substantive issues at hand. Mr. Lawler says that our "obvious facts" are in reality "obscure fictions." We find his analysis unconvincing.

Fiction 1: It seems to us incredible to imply that the Soviet missiles did not threaten the peace and stability of the Western hemisphere. And surely Mr. Khrushchev would not have risked introducing those missiles unless he believed that they would affect the balance of power. Moreover, given the generally-accepted superiority of American strategic nuclear strength, the Cuban-based missiles would have helped to reduce that edge. Finally, to put the onus of blame on America as the real threat to peace for trying to remove those missiles is, again, "to turn moral values topsy-turvy."

Fiction 2: We do indeed extend the right of self-defense to "nations emerging from fascism . . . against which we have already initiated military assaults." But was Mr. Khrushchev's aim that of helping Cuba to defend itself? When pressed on that point, the Soviet Union made no attempt to deny the accusation of the Administration that the Soviet Union's action was aggressive; the pretense of defending Cuba was quickly dropped. In this respect, Mr. Lawler's use of his valid point about the "concept of deterrence" begs the question at issue. Was the Soviet move intended as a "deterrent" to an invasion of Cuba? The Soviet evasion of that question indicates to us that it was not.

Fiction 3: If our rhetoric leaves something to be desired, so does the clarity of Mr. Lawler's point. We'll call it a draw.

Fiction 4: It is not apparent to us how Mr. Lawler manages to read "the specter of self-righteous political moralism" into our judgment of the moral situation. For his part, Mr. Lawler seems intent upon having his moral cake and eating it. When he judges that Mr. Kennedy acted in a way which violated our deepest principles he

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apparently has no qualms about running the risk of self-righteousness. But when we make a different judgment we are accused of raising a "specter."

As for Mr. Lawler's concluding points, it seems sufficient to say that in neither of Mr. Lawler's letters has he said which principles of law this country has violated. The question remains: was our blockade a legitimate act of self-defense? If, as we believe, it was, then it seems purely gratuitous to accuse America of violating Cuban sovereignty. To be sure, "the larger political question" is more important than the Cuban situation. At the same time, however, the introduction of missiles into Cuba had an important bearing on that question. A Cuba capable of firing nuclear missiles at us was hardly just an "empty symbol." —THE EDITORS

THE SCREEN

Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine

THE PARADE of holiday films has already started, and a fine fare is on our screens to attract moviegoers of various tastes. Leading the line is "Billy Rose's Jumbo," which won't tax anyone's brain but is high in entertainment value. Strangely enough, this is the first movie version of the musical extravaganza that was such a hit in New York's Hippodrome back in the mid-thirties. Although its story, from the play by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht about the problems of a 1910 travelling circus, is a bit tarnished, scriptwriter Sidney Shelton has shined it up, and Joe Pasternak has given the whole thing an elaborate production that glitters like a Christmas tree.

Jimmy Durante has never been better than as the busy circus owner-manager whose chief interests are his daughter (Doris Day), an enormous elephant named Jumbo, gambling, and escaping the matrimonial-minded Martha Raye. The role was made to order for the lovable Durante as he clowns, sings, walks a tightrope, and puts over the script's funniest lines in his inimitable manner. Miss Raye, who hasn't turned up in films for a long time, is very funny too. Carrying on a slightly more serious romance, are Doris Day and Stephen Boyd as a high-wire performer who's secretly working for another circus that's trying to get Jumbo from Jimmy. Miss Day sings, dances, rides bareback, and pursues the aerialist into the rigging.

This good cast does well with the lively Richard Rodgers-Lorenz Hart songs, most of which are imaginatively staged in production numbers that never slow up the action. In fact, director Charles Walters keeps everything moving at such a brisk pace that one hardly notices that his film is too long. One may wonder from time to time, however, how Durante's money-troubled circus can afford such handsome costumes—but "Jumbo" doesn't aim at reality. It's just a big, beguiling spectacle with lots of fun, wonderful circus acts in which all the principals seem to participate and some stunning color photography that adds to the illusion of sawdust spangles and dreams. "Jumbo" really is the fanciful invention that "The Music Man" tried to be.

MOVIEGOERS who prefer something religious during this season may find "The Reluctant Saint" to their liking. Nicely filmed in Italy, it tells the story of St. Joseph of Cupertino (1603-63), a Franciscan priest who is probably best known for his levitations. But the script by John Fante and Joseph Petracca by no means neglects Giuseppe's holiness and humility, or the fact that he was a country bumpkin with hardly enough brains to pass his examinations. Although "The Reluctant Saint" is a comedy, it is not disrespectful. Producer-director Edward Dmytryk treats the slow-witted Giuseppe with understanding and affection, as when the awkward young man becomes the butt of many jokes in both village and monastery, and with delightful humor, as when Joseph rises from the ground much to the astonishment of the Franciscans.

Maximilian Schell is excellent as the doltish peasant who rose (no pun intended) to sainthood. While he makes Giuseppe look and behave like a half-wit at times, he also portrays the saint with real gentleness and goodness. The large supporting cast is good too, especially Ricardo Montalban as Father Raspi, a sort of Devil's Advocate who looks down his nose at Giuseppe and who leads the exorcism and is won over before the enchanting finale. Perhaps Akim Tamiroff overacts as the bishop who is attracted to Giuseppe's simple sincerity and love for animals, but director Dmytryk obviously wanted to keep his film on the light side. Perhaps some will be shocked to learn that St. Joseph of Cupertino was almost a simpleton—but they must realize that high IQs aren't necessarily connected with saintliness or happiness. The film's finale is a truly happy one.

On the bill with "The Reluctant Saint" is "Speak to Me, Child," a charming short that makes a happy use of poetry-reading. Actually the simple language and clear images of Hy Sobiloff's lyrical poems do not need screen illustrations. But David Wayne reads the Sobiloff poems so well and producer-director Jerry Winters' staging of the outdoor and indoor scenes (mostly about a child's world and an adult's reaction to lost youth) is so effective that this half-hour film becomes quite a stirring and nostalgic treat. Don't miss it.

ANOTHER quite different religious movie is "Devi" ("The Goddess") produced, directed and written by the famous Indian film maker, Satyajit Ray. Although

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the picture moves at a snail's pace, its beautiful black-and-white photography of an upper-class house and the people who live in it is fascinating, as is the sad story the film reveals.

While a young husband (nicely played by Soumitra Chatterjee) is away at college, his seventeen-year-old wife (lovely Sharmila Tagore) lives with her father-in-law who has a vision and thinks the girl is an incarnation of the goddess Kali. The girl, fond of her father-in-law, allows herself to be worshipped. When her husband returns, rightfully impatient with the whole situation (there is a claim that his "goddess" wife healed a sick child), he plans to take her away. "But what if I am a goddess?" she asks. Against his better judgment, he returns to college without her. And the continuation of the goddess myth results in tragedy.

It is not difficult to understand why India was at first reluctant to export "Devi," but close examination of the film reveals that it is not a condemnation of religion but a criticism of superstition. Unlike Ray's greatly-admired, down-to-earth "Apu" trilogy, "Devi" is an exquisite minor film with limited appeal. Those who do see it will appreciate the delicate qualities of this rare gem.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The Fatal Flowering of a Misdirected Vocation

Vessel of Dishonor. By Paul Roche. Sheed and Ward. $4.95.

by Thomas Curley

MARTIN Haversham was the young man's name. "He was just sixteen when he came to St. Peter's: fourteen when he had 'got religion,' as his sister always said, changing from an untamed boy who teased his sister, fought and laughed with his brother, told girls he was going to carry them away to a Robinson Crusoe island, ran naked through his father's large London garden—changed from all that into a gentle youth who read the lives of the saints with melting eyes, and spent hours before the Blessed Sacrament. Then had come the scruples." This quotation is from the first chapter of Mr. Roche's novel. The scruples, Mr. Roche tells us through the medium of Martin Haversham's memory, became so bad that at last Martin flung himself upon God's mercy crying out " 'Lord, I will be a priest for you if you will return me to my right mind.' " That is the genesis of Martin Haversham's vocation, a vocation that finally fails.

As Mr. Roche tells the story, it is doubtful that the young man ever had a true vocation, but since this is literary criticism and Martin Haversham is a fictional person, that is hardly to the point. In order to get at this novel, it is necessary to look closely at how the action is presented.

We are for the most part in Martin Haversham's mind, and we enter his mind just before he becomes a subdeacon and shortly after, while on a vacation trip to Italy, he has sinned with a girl he met there. But "sinned" does not say enough. He did not sin casually; he also fell in love, a love for which, Mr. Roche makes quite clear, he was predisposed. "O Rome, Rome!" he thinks before he meets Vanessa in Positano. "She tortured and she delighted him to instincts he had forgotten." The "she," of course, is Rome, not Vanessa. There is nothing in this world that did not excite Martin Haversham. He was tall, handsome and well-spoken. Everyone in his family, except Martin himself, had strong doubts as to the genuineness of his vocation. And yet, following his very brief fall from grace with Vanessa, he hastens to Confession, then leaves Positano and Vanessa with only a brief note, ending " 'Please forget me . . . but oh, remember!' " Let me say now that Mr. Roche is in for a difficult time. His book will probably not be recommended for the young, while older readers will have to make an effort to recall the youthful lyricism of first, or second love if they are not to be somewhat out of patience at times.

What should be remarked about Martin's falling in love with Vanessa is that it is *recalled* by him. It vibrates in his memory. With the aid of his adviser, however, he persists in his vocation, is finally ordained and assigned to a parish. It is this part of the book that I find most difficult to understand. Mr. Roche, I take it, wants to show us how, over the course of three years, Martin Haversham becomes weary, stale, bored until finally he can stand the routine of priesthood no longer. He takes to going about in mufti on his days off, meets a girl in the cinema and has an affair with her. Again he repents; again he visits his old spiritual adviser, is shriven and, by way of getting a new start on his duties, is sent to America, Bronxville to be specific. Martin never reaches Bronxville. He meets Vanessa on the boat and, after some tortuous hesitations and misunderstandings, that is that.

I don't mean to dismiss Mr. Roche's novel. It is a serious attempt to treat a serious subject. The main fault I have to find with it is that the events presented after Martin's ordination, which occurs about halfway through the book, are illustrative rather than active; another series of events could have served just as well to convince Martin that he could not be a priest.

Let me generalize to make a point. Allen Tate has written of Faulkner that he ". . . is one of the great exemplars of the international school of fiction which for more than a century has reversed the Aristotelian doctrine that tragedy is an action, not a quality." His great subject, Tate says ". . . as it was Flaubert's and Proust's, is passive suffering." While Martin Haversham suffers passively, Mr. Roche's book is not tragic. The hero never comes to grips with his fate, and that is why the resolution of the novel seems curiously irrelevant.

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In the Presence of Inexhaustible Mystery

Christ the Lord. By Gerard S. Sloyan. Herder and Herder. $4.50.

by Daniel J. O'Hanlon

THE CATHOLIC theologian does not always find it possible to agree with the approach to the Gospels of Rudolf Bultmann and his followers, but in at least one respect there is—or should be—hearty agreement: the evangelists had no intention of writing a biography of Jesus or providing the materials for one; their concern was rather to proclaim the Good News of salvation in Jesus Christ, a message which calls for a transforming personal response. In this book, the newly-elected President of the Liturgical Conference has made the approach of the evangelists his own.

It is not theological reflection on the Gospel message which he gives us, but a paraphrase of that message with an effort to be faithful to its essential literary form of Gospel, "Good News." His is not an effort to domesticate the Gospel by turning it into detached exposition or expanding it into detailed description, but rather an attempt to heighten its native character of personal encounter with Christ.

It is not surprising, then, that the book lacks the neat order and system of a theological treatise, manifesting instead all the haphazardness which surrounds personal encounter. This is the source of most of the good qualities of the book, but it is also the occasion of its defects. The book's virtues, by and large, are in its content and objectives; the defects, it must be said, in its style and execution.

What are some of these virtues? First of all, a proper sense of mystery. Despite Father Sloyan's desire to bring the reader into a personal relationship with Christ, this relationship is never demeaned to cozy familiarity with "the man upstairs." Christ is always unequivocally the Lord. This means that there is much about Him that surpasses our understanding, so there is no pretense at setting all issues in apple-pie order. Indeed, just the opposite occurs: all our neat calculations are unsettled, and we are put squarely in the presence of the inexhaustible mystery of the Lord.

This sense of mystery is furthered by the eight full-page black and white drawings (nine if the dust jacket is included) by Sister Irenita. Their quality is not uniformly excellent, but two at least are outstanding (the Good Shepherd and the Last Supper) and none of them debase the viewer with that cloying sentimentality which perverts so much "religious art." No bearded ladies posing as Christ; no "athletes on the Cross."

Another virtue of the book is its sense of joyous exhilaration—plenty of strong meat and challenging demand, but no moping masochism. The Lord Christ whose majesty inspires a sense of awe and reverence is also the Lord Jesus, our brother, who lives victoriously now with his full humanity in glory, and to whom we are joined in the joyous banquet of the Eucharist.

There remains the book's central weakness. Its thirty-two chapters were originally articles written last year for *Hi-Time*, a weekly magazine which serves as a text for the religious instruction of teenagers. The jargon and examples which are used in trying to communicate with such an audience strike this reviewer as sometimes artificial and forced. Perhaps they would be recognized by the teenager as his authentic idiom—here I confess my incompetence to judge—but these patches seem inconsistent with Father Sloyan's normal style.

In speaking to some teachers of released-time high school religion who had been using *Hi-Time* during the weeks that Father Sloyan's articles originally appeared, I was told that the articles were read with much more enthusiasm by the students' parents than by the students themselves. This may be what encouraged Father Sloyan and his publisher to offer this book with no suggestion that it is for teenagers. But the ambivalence remains. A clear option for either teen readership or adult readership, with consequent consistency in style, would have resulted in a better book. I think the author should have opted for the grownups.

The Changing and Elusive City

The Intellectual Versus the City. By Morton and Lucia White. Harvard University Press and The M. I. T. Press. $5.50.

by Hilton Kramer

BAUDELAIRE, in his poem *Le Cygne*, complained *la forme d'une ville/Change plus vite, hélas! que le coeur d'un mortel*, and now, a hundred years later, *la forme d'une ville* has become not only an urgent but a fashionable concern. To become an intellectual fashion is surely not the worst fate that can befall a question of urgency, but it does lead to a great deal of wasted energy—and wasted publishing. *The Intellectual Versus the City*, a publication of the Joint Center for Urban Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, is, inexplicably, precisely the waste product of a genuine inquiry. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has hailed it as an "imaginative book which opens up new vistas in our understanding of our past and our present," but imaginative is exactly what the book is not. The only vista it opens up to this reader is of two earnest researchers' shuffling their three-by-five cards around a question which eludes them to the end.

This is a pity, for the subject *is* an urgent one and the Whites are correct in their assumption that only a wide-ranging inquiry, which draws on literary and visual art as well as philosophy, sociology, and social work, can hope to deal with all the ramifications of our urban problems. Unfortunately, their capacity to deal with this multiplicity of interests is not equal to the assumption which prompts their research. *The Intellectual Versus the City* is the scenario—and a plodding one at that—for a

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book which has not yet been written. It purports to deal with the views of American Intellectuals, from Franklin and Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright and Lewis Mumford, on the subject of urban life, but it does little more than gather up some interesting quotations and underline some curious prejudices. The authors' mode of procedure is to restate and paraphrase and interminably to repeat, but almost never to enlarge upon, these snippets of thought. There is nothing in the book that can be identified as a view of their own.

One is grateful for some (though by no means all) of these quotations from Emerson and Whitman, from Henry Adams and William and Henry James, John Dewey and Jane Addams. Through the dull fog of the Whites' academic prose these illustrious fragments at least flash a momentary light on the terrain which the book itself never quite traverses. But they also do violence to their contexts. (It is simply impossible to encompass the complexities of Henry James' cosmopolitanism within the meager dimensions of the Whites' single-minded study.) The book is not, in any case, an anthology; the fleeting satisfactions of its quotations only serve, really, to emphasize the authors' failure to shape their material into an incisive statement.

If one dwells here on the style and method of the book, rather than on its intellectual substance, it is because the latter barely survives the grave inadequacies of the former. The approach is at all times that of the dreariest sort of thematic dissertation, with its inevitable reduction of rich material to a monotonous and narrowly-conceived question. The Whites go through the history of American thought rather like census-takers or pollsters of public opinion, asking the same question again and again—The City: Pro or Con?—and coming up with answers which constantly spill over into the interesting terrain which the limits of their inquiry prevent them from exploring.

Only in the brief section on Jefferson, whose talents and responsibilities comprised the whole range of aesthetic, political, economic, and social questions upon which the fate of the modern city will be decided, do the Whites begin to confront the real nature of the problem they have undertaken to clarify. But that is because Jefferson himself effects a synthesis of interests which, though indispensable to the subject, the Whites cannot manage themselves as an intellectual instrument. Elsewhere we are given only caricatures of thought and feeling. The discussions of Poe, Adams, Dreiser, and Wright are ludicrous at this stage in our knowledge of these men, and the patronizing account of Lewis Mumford is unbecoming in writers who invade his area of competence with so little sense of intellectual adventure.

The choice of figures is at once conventional and undiscriminating. Neither Howells nor Santayana have anything to contribute to the sense of urbanity in terms of which future solutions to present conditions will be found. Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams might have proved more relevant (and more daring) choices, but the authors of *The Bridge* and *Paterson*, and modern poets generally, are passed over. Painters, too, have been excluded from the inquiry, though surely the "Eight," Stuart Davis, and others—artists whose vision has been inseparable from the modern cityscape—have something to tell us in this sphere. Perhaps the Whites sensed that their census could not be so easily taken in that quarter. In any case, their crude handling of Whitman, Melville, and Poe does not make one yearn to see them undertake further researches into the views of poets and painters.

It is difficult to know for whom *The Intellectual Versus the City* is intended. Certainly not for specialists in American thought. For architects and planners, then? I doubt if they will learn anything useful here. The conditions of their profession require at the very start an awareness of the interlocking relationships of art and economics, of philosophy and technology, of imagination and social fact, of which the Whites give barely a glimmer. I can think of no one, in fact, to whom the simplifications of this book will be of interest other than the foundations and well-endowed academic centers which sponsored it. It is a travesty both of its subject and of the Whites' own enlightened (but ineffectual) curiosity.

Sturzo's Quest

The Sociology of Luigi Sturzo. By Nicholas S. Timasheff. Helicon. $5.95.

by Robert M. Barry

IF DON Luigi Sturzo's sociological thought has been all but ignored by

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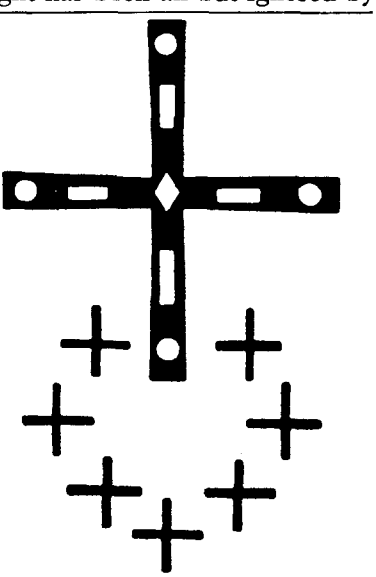

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sociologists, it may be because of his continual concern with and involvement in the real world. This alone sets him apart from the contemporary sociologist who longs for the good old war days when he could determine, with some certainty, whether American troops, parachuted to a Pacific island, would be welcomed or eaten by the natives.

Sturzo's sociology was forged in concrete social action: "I realized that thirty years of political and social activity were helping me to look at theories and facts with a greater sense of reality. . . ." [The Commonweal, Sept. 26, 1941.] It is precisely this background in his life, which somehow was able to synthesize both the active historical moment and creative thought, that places him outside the range of ordinary sociologists.

Timasheff believes that Don Sturzo is "one of the greatest sociologists of the mid-twentieth century." His awareness of Sturzo's stature is, unfortunately, not adequately supported by his exposition. Had Sturzo been merely a sociologist there would have been little difficulty. Once it is recognized that he was concerned with the reality that is the foundation for the science of sociology, those active experiences by which man creates his own society, then one is forced to move to another level of vision.

Not content to construct a model of society that was readily available to manipulation and examination, Don Sturzo wanted to begin in the real world of social experience. For example, he recognized that revelation, while truly the Word of God, has concretely affected even the non-believer's action, and exists as part of our present world of experience. Considering as less than adequate any image of man that sees only his individuality and not his social nature, Sturzo opts for the processive reality of the everyday world of experience, which is inundated with values, achievements, revelation, and even freedom and love.

Timasheff, for all his capability and scholarship, is unable to adjust to Sturzo's perspective. He finds it necessary, at times, to change Sturzo's position to fit the exposition: Timasheff holds that "contrary to Sturzo's assertion . . . the treatise *Church and State* . . . is less a sociological work than an historical one."

Yet, even with his limited vision, Timasheff has fashioned a valuable study, recognizing the genuinely empirical character of Sturzo's sociology and calling attention to the role of history in society. Moreover, he gives at least an adequate presentation of Sturzo's understanding of the individual-social reality, sociological laws, social forms and dynamics.

In Sturzo one is able to find anticipations of the present day personality-society-culture triad, value theory, and even moderate evolutionism. Timasheff suggests that his thought can make "important contributions to sociological theory on the highest level," as well as point out "ways of further refinements and integration."

Sturzo's thought gives every evidence of becoming a great source of inspiration and advancement for those scientists concerned with the real world. Timasheff's book will play an important role in this advancement.

"'THE PRIESTHOOD *of the Laity' is a cant phrase of the decade and abhorrent to those of us who have met it. We claim no equality with our priests. Anything in costume or manner that tends to disguise the mystery of their unique calling is something leading us away from the sources of devotion. The failure of the French 'worker priests' is fresh in our memories.*"
—Evelyn Waugh on the Vatican Council, in the current issue.

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Assurance and Power

The Mute. By Otto F. Walter. (Translated from the German by Michael Bullock.) Grove Press. $3.95.

by Saul Maloff

OTTO WALTER is a young Swiss novelist (born in 1928) who has as yet published very little: with *The Mute,* his first novel, he is introduced to the American audience. It is usual to say, patronizingly, if a first novel is anything other than outrageously bad, that it is "interesting" and that its author "bears watching." Well, one can say it of this first novel with full conviction—not to dismiss or to patronize but to welcome and to praise. Walter comes to the novel with assurance and power. He does not overreach himself, as some young novelists do; nor does he play it safe. He knows his limits, and he knows his strength; he stays within the one while he tests the other. And he does difficult things well, and honestly.

The novel is short and its scale small; the action and scene are closely circumscribed. The atmosphere is suffocating, one of accumulating, enveloping dread. In fact, in method the novel is close to a tale of suspense; but it is, of course, more than that. Because it is spare, dramatic, and powerfully controlled, its sense can be conveyed with reasonable accuracy.

The scene of the action (in alternating chapters Walter moves from the present to a reconstruction of the relevant past) is a remote place in the Swiss Alps. A construction and blasting gang is building a road toward a menacing peak; the constant rains have set in; the snows are approaching, and the men must finish the blasting quickly. To this scene a new worker comes, a young man, a mute, in search of his father, who is the head of the blasting crew. He knows his father, but his father does not know him. The young man has been mute since the moment, years before, when he opened his mouth to scream as his father, drunk and enraged, struck his mother, nearly killing her. His father is a drunk, a sullen ex-convict and a thief, whose capacity for tenderness seems used up al-

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most entirely on attending to his motorcycle.

We do not know what the young man's intentions are; neither does he. He may kill his father, and in a brilliantly-realized passage he imagines doing so. Or he may simply try in some way to *reach* him, something he has never been able to do. He must devise a way of making himself known to his father—or, if there is no other way, he must kill him. Though, finally, the father is killed, it is not at his son's hands; and though the son sees himself as guilty of the crime, there is, in the death, a kind of mutual recognition, almost a reconciliation, if such a word, which implies something like love, means anything in the stark world Walter creates.

This world which Walter creates is his distinctive achievement as a novelist, and it is a terrifying one, one which will perhaps remind some readers of the grim legends of Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Disaster is incipient in it; nothing but doom can be expected of it. Yet, while it always hovers close to melodrama and fable and nightmare, it is a workaday world, however remote, in which men perform labors for the State (in the spectral form of a Surveyor's Department of an Office of Works), and blast roads out of rocks. But the road is never finished, and there is always the danger of being cut off by landslide.

In this world, though only one of the characters has literally lost his tongue, nobody speaks. There is very little dialogue, and most of what there is is indirect, recollected, without quotation marks. The men do not even talk about women; they hardly talk about the work. They bicker about trivia; they play cards silently, joylessly, sullenly; they wait for the end of the road; they are forever aware of the eternal menace of the peak. They have no inner life. God knows what they remember, what they will return to when the work is over.

Walter creates this atmosphere deftly, quickly, fully, so that it seems always to have been there, will remain when they have gone, will wait for their return in the spring, again to overcome them. It is as though the men have *become* that awful silence. Hysteria lies just below the surface of their lives, and out of nowhere it explodes in violence. Living within this desolation, the men are isolated from one another, as each is from himself. They create themselves the claustrophobic scene which contains them. Death, when it comes, is not only an end, it is a relief, a resolution.

Everything — characters, action, scene—is seen in its objectivity, as in a dumb-show. We have the sense that life is all surface, that the surface is somehow related to a vast and mysterious depth which we cannot know, though we are destroyed by it; and that within this, and around it, all is silence. Finally, we come to see that the redeeming gesture of love which the Mute tries desperately to effect is impossible, that no bridge is possible, as we cannot know one another—and that his silence is emblematic.

To make a book about silence is an imaginative feat, an act of heroism. To have written a novel about silence and radical loneliness, and to have succeeded in making it dramatic and significant, is Walter's special distinction.

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